

The Weekly Museum.

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THE AUSTERE FATHER. A MORAL TALE.

IT is a question which might afford ample scope for discussion, whether parental rigour, or parental levity, has been productive of the most fatal consequences?—Thus much is premised? the sequel of this story will exemplify one side of the subject.

Mr. Wentworth had early entered into the marriage state, with an amiable woman, by whom he had one daughter, the heroine of our little history. Mary, during her mother's life, was treated with the greatest tenderness; but, unhappily for her, it was of short duration. At the age of six years, a lingering consumption, the effects of depressed spirits, deprived her of the only person she could call her friend. Young as she was, she had with grief observed, that her mother's distress was occasioned by the behaviour of her father. Mr. Wentworth seemed for some time concerned at his loss, which was not a little heightened by the artless speeches of Mary; and, rigorous as his temper naturally was, it was mollified by her affectionate prattle. For some time, he seemed to have forgot his usual severity, and shewed more than common fondness for her; but a speech which the child one day inadvertently dropped, determined him in his former habits. "Oh, papa!" said the, "I wish you had been so kind when mamma was alive." These words sunk like an arrow to his soul. "I desire," replied he, sternly, "that you will not talk to me in this manner!" Here he stopped. "I hope," said Mary, while tears ran down her innocent cheeks, "my papa is not angry, because I loved my mamma!"

He was of a morose disposition, which was much increased by gloomy and bigotted notions of religion. At this time his business also decreased, which induced him to retire into the country; and Mary endured all the unfeeling treatment of her father with the most patient acquiescence. He seldom spake but in a harsh tone of voice; and she was denied every species of recreation, however innocent. No cause could be assigned for his conduct; he found no fault with her behaviour towards him, nor could he charge her with any neglect of duty or affection. He was one of those characters—and many such there are, however strange it may appear—who feel not the tender ties of nature, but live indifferent to every generous feeling of the heart, and are entirely absorbed in an enthusiastic religious gloom; which, being added to a fallen temper, they find no pleasure in the sweetest connections of life.

In this retirement, he soon met with a woman after his own heart; who, to a mind congenial with his own, joined the tongue of an angel. Whether he was charmed with her hypocritical speeches, or whether it was possible for a heart like his to feel the power of love, is not easy to determine: an union, however, was formed between this inimitable duet; which, if possible, increased the forlorn situation of Mary, who had few attained her sixteenth year. She was beau-

tiful in person, which was still heightened by a native unaffected modesty. She was an utter stranger to the world, except what she had learned from books, and this was but little. The principles of virtue, and filial duty, were strongly implanted in her bosom; indeed, nothing short of this, could have produced such resignation to her unhappy condition: yet her mind would often revolt at the insults she received; excluded from society, and worse than the most menial servant could possibly be.

One day, after having experienced the most abusive treatment from her new mistress, she mildly ventured to expostulate with her father: but, instead of finding any relief, she was told that, if she made any complaints; he would send her to a place where she would repent the day.

This was not to be borne: there is a point beyond which the most patient cannot endure; to this point Mary was come. She immediately wrote to an uncle in London; and depicted, in the most lively manner, her abject state, desiring his protection. The answer was favourable; and, the ensuing morning, at an early hour, she determined to leave her father's house.

It was evening when she reached the metropolis; an entire stranger to that part of the town, she knew not whither to direct her way. After passing several streets, a genteel youth, noticing her perplexity, and supposing her unacquainted with London, very politely accosted her, and begged the favour of protecting her whither she was going. She hardly knew what answer to return. Thus to entrust herself to the care of a stranger was imprudent, if not dangerous; yet she knew not the place, and had been fearful to enquire, lest some one, profiting by her ignorance, might be tempted to take advantage. At length, conscious of integrity, and supported with that fortitude which virtue alone can afford, she accepted the offer; and he soon conducted her to the house of her uncle, where he politely took his leave.

Here she was received with marked indifference. The inveracity of her mother-in-law had pursued her even to her uncle's. Soon after her departure, she had been missed; and every possible search was made in the neighbourhood, but all to no purpose. It immediately occurred to this wretch, that she must have gone to London; and, as her uncle's was the only probable place, she sent a letter to inform him of it; stating, that she had early in the morning eloped from her father's with some stranger, and conjuring him to afford her no protection.

This intelligence was communicated to her the ensuing morning, by her uncle; who desired she would immediately return home: adding, that he would have refused her admittance, had it not been so late at night! She entreated, and remonstrated, but all was ineffectual. She was even told, with a sneer, by her cousin, that if her gallant had been a gentleman, he would not have left her at the door. This caused a degree of emotion in Mary, which was construed as a confirmation of her guilt.

After the ceremony of parting was over, she once more committed herself to the mercy of strangers; and mingling, unprotected, among the busy haunts of men, she wandered from street to street, not knowing whither to go. Night again drew her sable curtains around, when Mary found herself without a friend! without a home! in the vicinity of Oxford-street. The misery of her situation deeply affected her mind; and she suddenly exclaimed—"Oh thou, that protectest Innocence, deign to regard me."—"My dear," said an elderly woman, "you are distressed. If you will accompany me home, you shall want nothing that I can contribute to alleviate your sorrow." Mary thanked her; and, not believing one of her own sex could form a design against her virtue, the time of night, the fatigue of her body, the dangers she might incur from continuing in the streets, induced her not to refuse what she imagined to be the disinterested offer of pity!

It was a genteel house in Newman-street, whither her conductor led her. Every thing appeared convenient, and happy. After a slight refreshment, Mrs. Smith requested to be informed of her adventures. Mary immediately complied, and related all she could remember, since the death of her mother, to that very evening. Her entertainer feigned wonderful concern for her sufferings. "My dear," said she, "you may think yourself happy, in having escaped from your relations; and I think it will be well for you to remain here at present. There are several ladies in my house, whom you may associate with, and there will be some gentlemen here soon; therefore, I would have you appear as cheerful as you can." So saying, she left her to her own meditation.

The latter part of this speech alarmed Mary; who now began to examine the room, and saw several prints which had not yet attracted her notice. The sight of these made her shrink with horror; and fully convinced her, that instead of a benefactress, she had met with a procuress, and that the house was no better than a brothel! "O Heaven!" cried she, "where will my disasters end? Is it thus that misery awaits me, wherever I go!" Just as she had finished this exclamation, a gentleman entered the room. Her mind was too much agitated to observe him, till he caught her in his arms—"O Sir," exclaimed Mary, almost frantic, "are you a man? Are you a friend to virtue? If you are, for—" here her voice failed, and she could utter no more. In a few minutes, she recovered sufficiently to speak; and saw, with joy, that the gentleman who supported her was the same who had politely conducted her to her uncle's. "Once have I been indebted to your protection," said she; "and again I implore your pity!"—"Make yourself easy," replied Mr. Whiston; "you have my pity, and my love. I have heard the history of your life from Mrs. Smith, who desired me to use you kindly, and notwithstanding my dissipated manners, I have yet some touches of humanity left. From the first moment I met you, my heart felt interested on your account; and I now heartily thank Heaven, who has over-

ruled my actions, in this instance, for your welfare, and my happiness. My fortune is large; and I have but one wish remaining, to prove with you the joys of virtuous and disinterested love."—"May your goodness meet the reward it merits," replied the blushing fair; "I am unworthy of such felicity." "If," returned Whiston, "your heart is already bestowed on some more favoured youth, with whom your father's inhumanity has prevented your union, I decline all pretensions to you; and any part of my fortune is at your command."—"There is not," answered Mary, "a man who so well merits my affection as you, nor is there any other to whom I can give it."—"Charming girl!" exclaimed Whiston, "when shall be the happy day that I may call you mine? But you must no longer remain here. My house is your home." So saying, he called the coach, and attended her to it.

The wonderful circumstances of the preceding day worked so much on her mind, as prevented her taking that rest the otherwise would; and she fully resolved the next day to visit her father. Mr. Whiston accompanied her; and, on their arrival, she heard that her cruel step-mother had that morning expired in a fit, and that her father was dangerously ill. She hastened to see him. The interview was truly affecting! He implored her forgiveness—"The dread," said he, "of what might have befallen you, has broken my obdurate heart; but thanks to a merciful God, who has protected you!" She then related all that had happened; at the conclusion of which, he desired to see Mr. Whiston. "Noble youth!" said the dying man, "I cannot thank you as I would!"—"Come, Mary," added he, "let me join your hands, since your hearts are already united. May the giver of all good protect and bless you! and may you enjoy every domestic virtue and delight! May you love each other; and learn, from my fate, to love your children!" He grew faint, and could scarcely pronounce—"I die happy!"

Mary, whose heart was naturally tender, felt much at her father's death; yet she enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of having smoothed the bed of death, and calmed his last moments!—In a few weeks, the bands of Hymen joined the happy lovers; who are blessed with a numerous and virtuous offspring. Mary, who had herself suffered so much, is a mother not only to her own children, but to all around; and Mr. Whiston proves a father to his children, and a kind benefactor to the poor! In short, they enjoy as much happiness as virtue merits, and human frailty will admit.



VERSES,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE JOHN THORNTON, ESQ. A SHORT TIME BEFORE HIS DEATH, ON HIS RECEIVING A MOURNING RING FROM A RELATION OF HIS OWN NAME.

WELCOME, thou presage of my certain doom! I too must sink into the darksome tomb. Yes, little Prophet, thus my name shall stand A faithful record on some friendly hand. My name! 'tis here the characters agree, And every faithful letter speaks of me; Bids me prepare to meet my Nature's foe, Serene to feel the monster's fatal blow; Without a sigh to quit the joys of time, Secure of glory in a happier clime; Then mount the skies for sake my old abode, And gain the plaudit of a smiling God. Receive, Lord Jesus! body, soul, and spirit! Behold my plea!—Thy suff'rings and thy merit.

FEW people are well acquainted with Death. It is generally submitted to through stupidity and custom, not resolution; and men die merely because they can't help it.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE PATRIOT FAIR.

WHEN young and artless as a Lamb,
Who plays about the fondling dam;
Brisk, buxom; peri and silly;
I slighted all the manly twains,
And put my virgin heart in chains;
For simple smock-fac'd Billy.
But when experience came with tears,
And rais'd my hopes and quell'd my fears,
My blood was blithe and bonny;
I turn'd off ev'ry beardless youth,
And gave my love, and fix'd my truth
On honest sturdy Johnny. On, &c.
But when at Wake I saw the 'Squire,
For him I found a new desire,
Fond to out show my mammy;
I sigh'd for fringe, for frocks and beaux,
And pig-tail'd wigs, and powder'd cloaths,
And silken master Saminy.
For riches next I felt a flame,
When to my cot old Grampus came,
To hold an amorous parley;
For music then I chanc'd to burn,
And fondly listen'd in his turn
To warbling quiv'ring Charley.
At length alike the fools and wits,
Fops, fiddlers, foreigners and cits
All struck me by rotation:
Then learn from me, ye Patriot Fair,
Ne'er make one single man your care,
But sigh for all the Nation. But, &c.

December 25. ERMENIENSIS.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE YEAR.

WHITHER so fast? to woo thy longer stay,
Impatient Year! the warmest pray'r we'll try:
Vain are our wishes, and in vain we pray—
Unkindly, Time! ah, why so bent to fly?
Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,
Lull the fleet greybeard with the charm divine:
Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,
Nor will one moment to the strain incline!
Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance!
We'll lure him back with sprightliness and joy!
See, see! he faster flies, nor deigns a glance?
But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!
"Let the churl go!" cries Folly, with a stare;
"Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight:
Time, when he's tardy, saddles us with care,
And Care destroys life's principle, delight."
Delight?—I wrong thee, or thou mean'st excess;
There all thy hope, thy dearest joy, is plac'd!
Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confess,
That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waste.
Delight's the genuine temper of the soul,
That Honour fashions, and Temptation proves;
How unlike thine, that stoops to the control
Of sensual Meanness, and the bondage loves!
Know, that the Year, whose flight thou hold'st
in scorn,
Gone to the records of eternal fate,
Swells those memorials for the last, dread morn,
With all that honour'd or disgrac'd it's date.
Could'st thou behold the tale of Infancy,
Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy name
Thou'dst seek to hide thee—from thyself, to fly,
Lost as thou art, to honour, and to shame.
To the is giv'n, to greet the rising year;
Haply, not thine to witness it's decay:
At Heav'n's just bar, ere that, thou may'st appear,
The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.
Then seize the moment in the power of hope;
Lo! the destroying angel's on his course:—
Hasten, ere Justice takes it's aweful scope,
And, by Repentance, deprecate it's force!

THE OLD MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.

HOW lovely are the sun beams of the morn, that between the hazels and the prickly wild-rose, play on my window! how blithe the swallow twitters on the scantlings of my roof! how sweetly sings the little soaring lark! all nature's wide awake, and every plant inhales fresh vigor from the enlivening dew; even I seem young again—my staff shall aid me to the open air, there on my threshold will I sit me down; there face the rising sun, and view the verdant prospect—how beautiful is every thing I see! all that I hear is harmony and praise. The birds in the air, the shepherds on the plain, their cheerful ditties sing: the lowing herds around, on fertile field or watry dale, still as they graze proclaim their general joy, aloud exulting. Oh! how long, ye Gods, how long shall I remain a living witness of your bounty? Full ninety years already have I seen the varied year in their course return; and when revolving o'er my former days back to the hour that gave me birth, delightful retrospect! whose distant bounds yet fade upon the sight—O, then with what emotion glows my heart! the unutterable transports that I feel—My tears of grateful joy, ye gracious Gods, are these not thanks too poor for all your goodness? Ah! flow my tears, flow down mine aged cheeks—When I review the past scenes of my life, I seem to have lived a long, long summer's day; my gloomy moments but as transient showers, that cheer the plants and fertilize the plains. No sickness e'er hath visited my flocks, no blight my trees, nor hath misfortune dwelt beneath my cottage. How delightful was my future prospect, when in their infancy my playful children smiled in my arms, or hung upon my hand! Proud of those tender shoots, and looking forward to their future growth, mine eye shed tears of joy. I will defend them, (said I) from sinister accidents; I will watch over them as they grow up to maturity. The Gods will second my efforts, and these young plants shall be fruitful. They shall become spreading trees, and mine age shall find repose under their cool refreshing shades. Thus as I spoke I clasped them in my arms and pressed them to my breast. And now the Gods have blessed them—lo! I find beneath their shade that cool delicious shelter I foretold. Thus have I seen those poor trees flourish—those fibrous stems and the rich apple trees, that in my youth I planted round the cottage, now do they spread their shady boughs, and yield a pleasant shelter to mine hut.

The greatest stroke misfortune ever gave, was that I felt, when my dear Mirta, leaning on my breast, expired within my arms. Twelve times the Spring hath strewed thy grave with flowers. But now the day, the happy day is at hand, when near to thine, my bones must mouldering lie. Perhaps this very night may prove my last.

Oh with what pleasure do I behold my grey beard waving on my breast, and witnessing the goodness of the Gods! ye little zephyrs sport in the silver hairs that from my chin descend: ah! not less fair, than are the locks of youth, or those that flow in brown and shining curls on the white necks of blooming maids.

Be this a day of gratitude and joy! I'll call my children round me; all shall come, my little lisping grand child too, and here I'll sacrifice unto the Gods. Their altar at my threshold shall be placed, and, with my hoary temples crowned with flowers, my feeble hand shall once more strike the lyre, whilst all in concert join to sing their praise—then, strew my table with the choicest flowers, we will eat the victim and express our joy. Thus spoke Palemon; when rising up and leaning on his staff, he called his children round him, in the midst, the good old man making a feast to the honor of the Gods.

Still evening came; and now Palemon, filled with a secret preface, thus addressed his children: "Come let us visit Mirta's tomb, there sprinkle wine and honey 'round, and end our feast in hymns." They repaired together to Mirta's grave, where the good old shepherd embracing them, in a sacred extacy, was, in the midst of his embraces, converted into a Cypres, whose mournful boughs shade Mirta's grave.

The silent moon stood still to see the scene; and all that sit beneath that Cypres shade, feel holy transports, while their eyes flow with pious tears.



M A X I M.

INTREPIDITY is an extraordinary strength of soul, that renders it superior to the trouble, disorder, and emotion, which the appearance of danger is apt to excite. By this quality heroes maintain their tranquillity, and preserve the free use of their reason, in the most surprising and dreadful accidents.

SATURDAY, January 2, 1796.

THE Printer presents the COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, to his respectable Patrons and Subscribers, acknowledges, with GRATITUDE, the support and encouragement that has been given to the Museum, since its commencement: a continuation of which he hopes to merit and receive.

In consequence of the amazing rise of Printing Materials, independent of the common necessary articles of life, he has raised the price from TEN to TWELVE Shillings per Annum, which he flatters himself will be esteemed a very reasonable advance, as the Museum, in future, will be published on a new and beautiful type, and will contain nearly a third more of amusement and news.

Next Thursday the Legislature of the State New-York will convene in this city.

We learn that the Tickets of the New-York Alms-House; are almost all disposed of--consequently it will commence drawing in a very short time.

Summary of the latest news from France, extracted from Paris papers, to Nov. 5 inclusive.

The council of elders chose from a list of 50 candidates, presented by the council of 500, the following citizens to form the Executive Directory.

La Reveillere Lepaux, 317 votes
Rewbel, 240,
Sieyes, 239,
Le Tourneur, 214,
Barras, 206,

Sieyes having declined, Carnot was elected by a great majority.

The character and avowed principles of those men who have been called to the executive functions, may be considered as a sufficient pledge that hence forward the external and internal affairs of the French republic will be conducted with more than usual prudence and energy. The car of the revolution will soon compleat its course; the false friends of France will stand confounded, and her enemies will be obliged to surrender at discretion.

The 24 English West-India men taken by the squadron of Rochefort were chiefly ships of from 500 to 900 tons, and of an immense value.

Another squadron, commanded by Capt. Cobin, took 25 Portuguese and 12 English merchantmen.

The following extraordinary Anecdote is transcribed from the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of the 23d of July last.

"Amongst the many claimants who have exhibited their demands upon a certain Great Personage, before the Commissioners appointed by the act of Parliament for inspecting and allowing the same, appeared a few days ago Mrs. Crouch of Drury Lane Theatre. Her claim was TEN THOUSAND POUNDS! interest for VALUE RECEIVED; for which a bond was duly executed. The commissioners desired to know of WHAT NATURE the VALUE was, for which the bond was granted? Mrs. Crouch with great HAUTEUR would not give the wished for information and asked if they meant to INSULT HER!---on which the Commissioners declared they had no such intention but that it was their duty to make such enquiries. The question and reply having been repeated, Mrs. Crouch took the bond, and tore it into pieces, declaring that SHE DESPISED THE PRINCE---HIS BOND---AND ITS VALUE---and immediately withdrew.

NEWARK, December 30.

A few days since a most horrid and inhuman murder was committed by Mathias Cutlip, at Newton, Sussex, on the body of his wife, and from the best information we can collect is as follows:

Cutlip had been butchering some beef for a neighbour, and returned home something inebriated, and says, to his children, I have been butchering cattle to-day, and now I intend to butcher your mother! The cries of the children, the entreaties of the wife, (who was six months advanced with pregnancy) could avail nothing; the wretch! the monster in human shape, seized her and gave three separate stabs, one of which was mortal! How shocking to human nature! How degrading to humanity! He attempted to make his escape, but was apprehended and is confined in the prison of that place.

His punishment will afford an instructive lesson to those that are too fond of the Jug of Rum.

BOSTON, December 21.

Wednesday arrived schooner Willing Maid, 57 days from Bourdeaux. The captain informs, that news of an action at Paris between the conventionalists and opponents of the election decree, had reached Bourdeaux, 3000 persons were said to have been slain. The conquerors not known.

PORTLAND, December 17.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Sullivan, to the editor, dated Dec. 5.

"In the storm of last Monday a small schooner, belonging to Col. Jones, was cast away on Misspecky head. A Mrs. Jones, widow of Col. Jones' brother, and her son, of seventeen years of age, were drowned. Two men with great difficulty saved their lives by swimming."

CHARLESTON, Dec. 8.

By a gentleman who arrived on Sunday from the Havana, we are informed that the Flerme, a 74 gun ship; and a frigate, which the Chevalier Mayo and some other French officers kept possession of in the name of the King of France in the year 1793, when the disturbance broke out in the West-Indies, are now in that harbor and are repairing in order to be delivered up to the French Republic; the officers and crew, he understood were; in pursuant of an article of the treaty between France and Spain; also to be delivered up.

December 11.

A Correspondent in Burke County, has favored us with the following singular instance of an attempt to rob a house:--Three men, well mounted, came to a farmer's about mid day, procured some refreshments for themselves and horses, and were observed to pay an uncommon attention to different parts of the house, and then departed with thanks for their kind reception. The farmer, suspicious of some design, invited a few of his neighbours to stay with him. About midnight the three men returned, and made violent attempts to break the doors and windows open, but in vain; they then, with an instrument, got the bolt of the lock off; but an iron bar having been previously laid cross the door, one of them thrust his arm through the logs to remove it. The people within, being unarmed, laid hold of his arm, drew his body to the logs, and made it fast with a cord. Still afraid to venture out, they let him remain 'till day, when they went out and found his throat cut from ear to ear, his associates having absconded; which was the only expedient the remaining two had to prevent a discovery. The person so murdered is supposed to be one Joel More, a notorious villain.

AUGUSTA, December 5.

A gentleman just arrived from St. Mary's has favored us with the following intelligence, that on the 21st of October last; 300 men of land forces, and three armed vessels, under the command of Colonel Howard, of the Spanish forces, moved up the Saint Mary with intention to invest or dislodge General Clark from camp in East Florida; whilst captain Fauche, with a detachment of his troop of military dragoons; was marching up said river on the Georgia side; to prevent the refugees from rallying or forming a camp on the territory of the United States; but on their arrival at and opposite Temple, they learned that General Clark's men had dispersed; and the General himself given over his enterprise.



DIED

On Friday evening, December 18, Mrs CATHARINE KIRBY, wife of William Kirby, Pewterer, and eldest daughter of Nicholas Roosevelt, late of this city; Esquire, deceased---Her disorder was of a most violent and painful nature, which she sustained for near five weeks with great Christian fortitude, trusting in her dear Redeemer Christ Jesus, for a happy immortality---She was an affectionate wife, a tender parent, and a kind indulgent mistress, beloved and respected by all who resided with her; and always ready to assist the distressed---Her remains were, on the Monday evening following, interred in a vault in the New Dutch Church, attended by her relations and friends.

"Blest with a heart, where social virtues dwelt,
A mind and person in each grace matur'd;
For others woes as for her own she felt,
And sympathising oft their grief she cur'd---
Oh! that (when time is o'er with me) I may
Unite with her's my humble joyful lay,
In that fair mansion, far above the sky,
Whose blest inhabitants shall never die;"

Court of Hymen.

MA R R I E D

On Sunday November 25, by the Rev. Mr Moore, Mr JOHN SANDS, of Cowneck to Miss JANE HEWLETT, of Southemstead.

At Little-Britain, (Orange County) by the Rev. Mr Close, Mr. ROBERT NORTON of this city, to Miss MARIA CLINTON, daughter of General Clinton, of that place.

On Thursday the 10th ult, at Poughkeepsie, by the Rev. Mr Brower, Mr JAMES DODGE, of this city, to Miss SUSAN KELSO, daughter of Mr Jonas Kelso, of that place.

On the 12 ult, by the Rev. Mr Cooper at Flowerhill, Cowneck, Mr JAMES HEGEMAN, to Miss CATHARINE ONDERDONK, both of Flowerhill.

On Christmas Day, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Capt. NOAH WYETH, formerly of Cambridge, to Miss HANNAH THOMAS, late of Boston.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Rodgers, Mr NICHOLAS ANTHONY, to Miss CATHARINE SHAW, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr M'Knight, Captain JOHNSON, to Miss BETSEY THOMAS, both late of Boston.

E L E C T I O N.

THE Annual Meeting of the GENERAL SOCIETY OF MECHANICS and TRADESMEN of the City of New-York, will be held at Mrs Amory's, on Tuesday next the 5th inst. The Poll will be opened at 8 A M, and closed at half past 12, when the Election of Officers will take place for the ensuing year: Agreeable to the act of Incorporation.

GARDINER BAKER,
Secretary,

January 2, 1796,

PLAYING CARDS.

By the Groce Dozen, or Single Pack, for Sale at this Office.

To be Sold,

BY Cornelius Lezier, a well situated place, suitable for a saw or grist mill, or Factory, with a convenient house and cellar, and a good barn, with one hundred and fifty acres of Land. Also, another Farm on the north of the above, with a good stone house, barn, orchard, and a quantity of meadow---Said Farms are thirty miles from White-Hall---The conditions of Sale will be made known by applying to Cornelius Lezier, at Agburt Van Zile's in Wandering-water-street.

92 4t 1

New-York. January 1, 1796.

To be Sold at Private Sale,

AT time before the 1st of April next, a pleasant situated Farm, lying south side of Long Island, within two miles of Jamaica, and one mile from the landing, where there is good fishing and fowling---The said farm contains about one hundred acres, seven of which are woodland, and twelve meadow---There is on the premises a dwelling house and a good barn, a well of excellent water near the door, a good bearing orchard, containing about one hundred apple trees; also a number of peach, plum, pear, and cherry trees---Any person inclining to purchase, will please to apply to Charles Welling, living on the premises, or Charles Welling, junior, No. 95, Fair-street, where an indisputable title will be given,

January 1, 1796.

92 tf

For Sale, at this Office, (Price 25.)

Dr. LINN's

S E R M O N:

Delivered the 26th of November, 1795.

Being a day of

Thanksgiving and Prayer.

SALT PETRE

For Sale.

Enquire at No. 50, Cherry-street. 85tf.

Court of Apollo.

THE OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

I REALLY wish I had a man,
A big a plague as e'er they be;
And yet I dare not tell it them,
For fear that they will laugh at me.

I can't so much as get a spark
Better than bed-bugs or a flea,
But what will sit and ashes mark,
And when they're gone will laugh at me.

I sometime wish the bucks of town
Were in the stocks or pillory;
For if I dance or ogle round
They only smile and laugh at me.

I do not know but I should loll,
And make wry-faces gracefully,
But snags of teeth, they'd spoil it all,
And they wou'd sneer and laugh at me.

I think next time, I'll try this plan,
I'll court by note and kisses three,
I'll change my age and fool the man,
That they shall like—not laugh at me.

New iv'ry teeth shall fill my gums,
My hair perfum'd with dregs shall be;
My cheeks I'll paint like mellow plums;
And then those bugs won't laugh at me.

I'll prink my caps, and gowns shall too
With flounce and frills adorned be;
I'll alter them to look like new,
And sure those plagues can't laugh at me.

I'll dress so gay and look so young
The very hogs shall smile to see;
No danger then, my lisping tongue
Shall win the man to laugh with me.

Then he'll no more with ashes play,
And drowses with taciturnity,
But visit me both night and day,
And wonder why they laugh'd at me.

Then I shall ne'er when boreas blows
In winter dread my bed to see;
No more the sheets shall freeze my toes,
While warm'd by him who laughs with me.



EPIGRAM

ON THE INVECTIVES AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.
BARK at the Moon ye deadly dogs of night
She neither NEEDS your howl, nor shines less
BRIGHT.



FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN George the II^d proposed giving the command of the expedition against Quebec to Gen. Wolfe, great objections were raised, and the Duke of New-Castle bade his Majesty consider that the man was actually mad. "If he is mad," replied the King, "so much the better, and I hope to God he will bite some of my Generals." December 14. W. F. P.

PICKED UPADRIFT.

ABOUT three weeks ago, a Motes Built Boat, of about 20 feet keel, English built. The owner by proving property, and paying charges may have her again, on applying at No. 46, James-street. 3t. ♠

The Moralist.

JUVINILE DEGENERACY.

IF we take an enlarged view of the conduct of the younger part of the community, and survey their numerous foibles with attention and seriousness, our feelings will be greatly alarmed, and our attention irresistably arrested. It must be obvious to every impartial and attentive observer, that youth, for the most part, are too unhappily prone to every vice of disgrace, dispute, and ruin. Every amiable disposition, from the force, perhaps, of bad example, or fatal delusion, is corrupted and destroyed by an attachment to the most shameful excesses of irregular pleasure. Extravagance in dress, a vain ostentation of their persons, sensuality, and impiety, are the leading features of their conduct. They plunge into a dangerous gulph of sin and absurd ambition; connecting themselves with the most loose and profligate, and sacrificing them all at the shrine of low sensuality and dishonour. Every virtuous motive is expunged from sober reflection, as the source of madness and melancholy. Those virtues, the possession of which constitute the real and only permanent happiness of every rational being, are entirely disregarded, and considered as unimportant acquisitions and useless perfections. Piety, modesty, sympathy, charity, temperance, rectitude, fidelity, and all the finest feelings of human nature, are held in disdain and contempt; while sinful pleasure, in all its gay and fashionable allurements, is eagerly sought after and embraced.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloos Hobart, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme court of Judicature of the State. Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Eliphalet Seaman, of the city of New-York, insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said John Sloos Hobart, Esquire, at his chambers in the City Hall of the city of New-York, on the fourth Tuesday of January next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the estate of the said Eliphalet Seaman should not be made, and the said Eliphalet Seaman discharged. According to the directions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New-York; entitled, "An Act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency." Passed the 21st day of March, 1783. Dated 11th day of Dec. 1795. 89 6v

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.
Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning creditors. New-York, Dec. 12, 1795.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No. 29 Vanderwater-street, near the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her business, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers.

Nov. 14, 1795.

85—tf..

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINERY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve.

Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Peck-slip,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends for their past favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewise informs the public that he carries on the above business in the neatest and most fashionable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.—N. B. Gentlemen who wish to be furnished with articles in his line will please to give notice and they will be served. Also, a fine assortment of very handsome Vest Shapes and Clouded Calimeres on hand, suitable to the season.

Aug. 8.

78 tf

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largest assortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for sale in this city, some of which is a very extra good quality, for sale by, JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-street, near Fly Market. Also,

1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3-ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. &c. 87 tf

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices.

Feb. 14, 1795.

F I G B L U E,
Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street.